1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

105 on their chena. We waited here a little while and two Veddas
62 passed, one carrying a gun; we asked them to return to their chena and fetch some of the other villagers. Soon some twenty
[131] men and about as many women and children arrived bringing us presents of honey, pumpkins and sweet potatoes. Scarcely any of them presented the Vedda type, they were all distinctly larger and more heavily built. Except their knowledge of their *waruge* and recognition of the Nae Yaku all remains of Vedda customs seemed to have been lost.

Yakure. The inhabitants of Yakure, a village about six miles from Kalukalaeba, call themselves Veddas, though physically (Plate XVI, figure 1) they would pass as Tamils or mixed
[194] Tamils and Sinhalese, and show even less evidence of Vedda blood than do the Kalukalaeba people. Their village consists of about 40 mud houses and is compactly built; a great number of cattle was seen grazing outside the confines of the village. Like the Kalukalaeba folk they know their *waruge* and invoke the Nae Yaku, but they have a temple, a simple mud hut, and worship a number of Sinhalese gods. Some men (Plate XVI, figure 2) from a village called Ulpota near Gunner's Quoin were
[197] seen here who also appeared to have mixed blood; they knew the "Vedda language," that is to say we were able to get from them about the same number of words as we obtained at Dambani. When one of them was asked when this dialect was used he replied "only when we are sent for by the Government
[191] agent or any other white man." Among themselves they speak Sinhalese though they can also speak Tamil as it is largely the language of Tamankaduwa.

Rotawewa. There is a settlement of alleged Veddas at Rotawewa about six miles from Minerriya tank. Concerning these we were told that they cultivated rice, and were in no respect different from the neighbouring Sinhalese, while Mr Jayawardene writes: "There is only one village of Veddas in Sinhala Pattu of Tamankaduwa District, and that village is Rotawewa, about six miles from Minerriya. These Veddas lived on the chase and subsequently took to chena clearings, and when the place began to be frequented by the low-country Sinhalese and other traders, some of them were able to sell their meat to them and

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

We found that the Coast Veddas spoke of themselves as Verdas and said that long ago their fathers came from inland. They all speak Tamil, but some assert that they still know, and at times use among themselves, their old Vedda language, but when we asked the men who made this statement to speak in their ancestral dialect they spoke Sinhalese[1]. Besides this a few of the older men know the names of some of the Vedda *waruge*, while others are able to trace their descent to them.

The Coast Vedda is darker, taller and more stoutly built than the true Veddas. In fact they generally resemble low caste Tamils, yet in almost every settlement there are one or two men shorter than their comrades and presenting an almost typical Vedda caste of countenance. The women are all much bigger than true Vedda women and would pass for Tamils, after whose fashion they dress.

Plate LXVIII, figs. 1 and 2, represent Verdas from settlements to the north of Kalkudah.

The Verdas build comfortable huts in small clearings, usually within a mile of the sea; they cultivate maize and pumpkins and other easily grown crops round their houses and in patches of clearing in the surrounding jungle.

They have plenty of pots and baskets and also possess drums and fishing gear, so that their mode of life differs but little from that of the poor and low caste Tamils who are their neighbours. One, two, or more rarely, three houses stand in each clearing, and it seems that the people living in each clearing are closely related by blood or connected by marriage.

The chief Verda settlements north of Batticaloa are Pellanchenai near Kalkudah 20 miles from Batticaloa and at Varkanari some 10 miles north of Kalkudah on the far side of the river which is crossed by a ferry at Valarchchenai. At Panichchenkeni some 14 miles further north is another ferry, where the local Verdas act as ferrymen, while there are two other Verda settlements some three miles beyond the ferry at sites called Vellaiade and Kandaladi respectively.

[1] Nevill (loc. cit.) noticed the same state of affairs, he said "Only the old men speak what they call Vaedda, which is pure but quaint Sinhalese with a Vaedda accent, as a rule, though mixed with some words characteristic of true Vaedda."

2;Bailey G-5 (ca. 1854) 1863
AX5 Vedda AX5

Tennent says truly, that they have "no system of caste among themselves; but, singular to say, this degraded race is still regarded by the Singhalese as of most honourable extraction, and is recognised by them as belonging to one of the highest castes;"* and he relates a legend, in which he says this belief originates; a legend, however, at which, he tells us, the Veddahs themselves smile, and of which they profess their ignorance.

As I shall afterwards show, I do not think this legend, which is confessedly not a Veddah tradition, has anything to do with the consideration with which, so far as their caste goes, the Singhalese regard them. Were there no better reason, the fact that the legend is by no means universal among the Singhalese residing in their vicinity, would probably be sufficient reason to reject it.

But Tennent has not been correctly informed with regard to their own belief regarding their own origin. For strange as it appears, they claim to be of royal descent. Beyond this vague assertion they profess to know nothing. They do not attempt to trace their descent from any particular king. They know nothing of their history. This is their *one* tradition; and though the neighbouring Singhalese, on whom they affect to look down, smile at their claim to such an illustrious origin, they do "regard them as of most honourable extraction," and in reply to any inquiry respecting it, only repeat the Veddah version of their royal lineage. It is said, too, that in the time of the native government the Veddahs always spoke of the king as "hoora," or "cousin."†

The Veddahs have no particular name by which they distinguish themselves, which would aid us in speculating on their origin. They simply call themselves "Weddah," and are so called, while they speak of the ordinary natives of the country as "Singhalese." The term "Habara," or "wild, barbarous," is applied to Veddahs, in books, and also "Vannacharakiya," which means "a hunter."

As Knox has told us, they speak the Singhalese language; but they do so with an accent and intonation so strange, that it sounds like some foreign tongue. It seems, as it were, "broken Singhalese," such as a man would speak to whom the language was an acquired one, so much does their pronunciation differ from that of their Kandyan neighbours. Although the identity between the Veddah dialect and Singhalese is evident, when they are compared with each other, it would require a very quick and accurate ear, indeed, to detect the similarity between them when both are spoken.

* Tennent, vol. ii, part ix, c. iii.

† It is reported, too, that some Veddahs do not claim royal descent, but that only a portion of them do. The Bicetean and Nilgala Veddahs certainly, say they, are "Raja-wansiya," of royal lineage.

5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

with men astride them, bows fitted with tridentate arrows, and all manner of cabalastic signs. Many an interesting discovery awaits here the spade of the antiquary.

How different is the appeal of ruins buried in the remote forest, in the setting with which Time and Nature have invested them, from those set out in the trim nudity of archaeologic display with tourist-ridden roads leading up to them.

Leaving Dolagalwella we turned up north, and soon entered the first of a series of great parklands we were now to traverse. These fine shooting grounds were probably centuries ago flourishing fields of paddy, fed by large artificial tanks, the crumbling embankments of which often outlie the glades. This is why, perhaps, the best game country in Ceylon to-day is to be found in the precincts of old kingdoms such as those of Polonnaruwa, Anuradhapura and Tissamaharama.

We had put up for the night on a river bed many miles from the nearest settlement, when, to our surprise, a man armed with bow and arrows walked into camp. Approaching us without the least diffidence, he tapped us familiarly on the chest and looked us up and down appraisingly, speaking an incomprehensible jargon. Kombua, he happened to be, a Vedda of Dambana, a score of miles away. He affected ignorance of Sinhalese, and maintained the farce all the time he was with us; but if we wanted evidence that he was imposter in this, we had it the next morning when our cook accidentally dropped an ember on him: "This devil wants to burn me," he said in excellent Sinhalese, taken off his guard. A picturesque fellow was old Kombua, spare, sparse-bearded and beady-eyed. From his gaping ear-holes dangled loosely doubled strings of white beads. In a small bundle knotted round his waist was his baggage, and let into his waist-string was a small axe. He was alertness itself as he guided us the following day. His deep-set eyes took in everything. The flick of a leaf would petrify him on the instant, often with foot uplifted like a startled retriever; the faintest hum and he would search aloft, for honey is food to the Vedda.

The glades teemed with nesting green-pigeons. From many a low bough we started a bird, to discover its clutch of white eggs showing through the meagre nest. I was manoeuvring to add a couple of imperial pigeons to our menu, when of a sudden there was a flutter at my elbow and a jungle hen floated away into the cover of the bordering scrub. I had but to turn my head to discover her mottled eggs in a charred stump. The twigs and creepers about the nest gave it just that air of negligence that was its sole concealment. I debated with my companion as to the freshness of our find. "Oh, they contain young ones right enough; just feel how heavy they are," he said taking an egg in his hand with an air of expertness that disguised a tender heart. I had no pretensions to such skill, but knowing that a jungle hen lays some six to a dozen eggs and seeing that here were only three, decided to rob them, and justifiably as it turned out when we enjoyed them with bacon the following morning.

Coming to a stream we heard, closer than we had ever done before, the melodious mocking of that elusive cuckoo, *cuculus micropterus*. I asked Kombua to show it to me. "He cannot be seen," was the confident assertion of a Sinhalese. The Vedda awaited a repetition of the note, then peered into the dense foliage of a tall tree and in a trice was pointing